ITS JOURNEY TO THE SEA.

In a wild and rugged woods-dell
On the scraggy mountain side,
From a tiny rocky cavern
Swift a little rill doth glide;
And it gurgles, and it murmurs,
As it trickles down the hill,
And it bubbles o'er with laughter,
Such a merry little rill;
Wakes the echoes with its laughter,
Such a happy little rill.

As it glides along its journey,
Soon it finds a valley sweet,
And another wandering riv'let
On its way doth chance to meet.
So together, on they travel,
As a brook they skip along,
Filling all the air with music
Of their dancing, rippling song;
Fill the air with pleasant murmur
Of their breezy, liquid song.

Farther down the pleasant valley
Other running streams they find,
And in happy tune together
Thro' the fields they gayly wind;
Flower and fern and grass and willow
Bend the running waters o'er,
And the vine with ripened berry
Hangs its head upon the shore;
Laden with the luscious berry,
Bows its head upon the shore.

By and by, the valley ending,
They emerge upon the plain,
Where they find a mighty river
Rolling toward the surging main.
And fatigued by their long journey,
With its mighty current strong,
They their feeble waters mingle
And are swiftly swept along;
Pour their waters in its bosom
And are gently borne along.

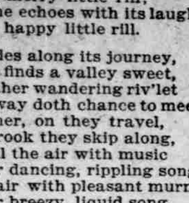
Thro' the plain, past toiling city,
Where the wheels of commerce whirl
Racing down the dizzy rapids,
Where their waters toss and twirl;
Linger lovingly in woodland,
Where the cooling shadows fall;
In its waters clear reflecting
Bending branch and green tree tall;
In its bosom clear depicting
Image of the green tree tall.

From the shadows of the wildwood,
Thro' vast marshes, dark and deep,
Where by turbid waters hidden
Slimy reptiles hide and creep;
Thro' the fever-laden marshes,
Where tall flags and rushes be,
Till their waters meet and mingle
With the waters of the sea;
Rill and brook and stream and river
Mingle with the hungry sea.
—Arthur J. Burdick, in Chicago Record.

THE MISTRESS of the Mine.

OR A WOMAN Intervenes.

By Robert Barr.



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CHAPTER XVIII.

Kenyon was on his way to lunch next day when he met Wentworth at the door.

"Going to eat?" asked the latter.

"Yes."

"Very well; I'll go with you. I couldn't stay last night to have a talk with you over the meeting; but what did you think of it?"

"Well, considering the articles which appeared in the morning, and considering also the exhibition I made of myself in attempting to explain the merits of the mine, I think things went off rather smoothly."

"So do I. It doesn't strike you that they went off too smoothly, does it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know exactly what I mean. I merely wanted to get your opinion about it. You see, I have attended a great many gatherings of this sort, and it struck me there was a certain cut-and-driedness about the meeting. I can't say whether it impressed me favorably or unfavorably, but I noticed it."

"I still don't understand what you mean."

"Well, as a general thing, in such meetings, when a man gets up and proposes a certain action there is some opposition, or somebody has a suggestion to make, or something better to propose, or thinks he has, and so there is a good deal of talk. Now when King got up and proposed calmly that Melville should go to America, it appeared to me rather an extraordinary thing to do, unless he had consulted Melville beforehand."

"Perhaps he had done so."

"Yes, perhaps. What do you think of it all?"

Kenyon mused for a moment before he replied: "As I said before, I thought things went off very smoothly. Whom do you suspect—young Longworth?"

"I do not know whom I suspect. I am merely getting anxious about the shortness of the time. I think myself you ought to go to America. There is nothing to be done here. You should go, see Von Brent, and get a renewal of the option. Don't you see that when they get over there, allowing them a few days in New York, and a day or two to get out to the mine, we shall have little more than a week after the cable dispatch comes in which to do anything, should they happen to report unfavorably."

"Yes, I see that. Still, it is only a question of facts on which they have to report, and you know as well as I do that no truthful men can report unfavorably on what we have stated. We have understated the case in every instance."

"I know that. I am perfectly well aware of that. Everything is all right if—if—Longworth is dealing honestly with us. If he is not, everything is all wrong, and I should feel a great deal easier if we had in our possession another three months' option of the mine. We are now at the fag end of this option, and it seems to me, as a protection to ourselves, we ought either to write to Von Brent—by the way, have you ever written to him?"

"I wrote one letter telling him how we were getting on, but have received no answer. Perhaps he is not in Ottawa at present."

"Well, I think you ought to go to the mines with Longworth and Melville. It is the conjunction of those two men that makes me suspicious. I can't tell what I suspect. I can give nothing definite, but I have a vague uneasiness when I think that the man who tried to mislead us regarding the value of the mineral is going with the man who has led us into all this expense; he who refused to go into the matter in the first place, pretended he had forgotten all about it in the second place, and then suddenly developed an interest."

John knitted his brows and said nothing.

"I don't want to worry you about it, but I do want your candid opinion. What had we better do?"

"It seems to me," said John, after a pause, "that we can do nothing. It is a very perplexing situation. I think, however, we should turn it over in our minds for a few days, and then I can get to America in plenty of time, if necessary."

"Very well; suppose we give them ten days to get to the mine and reply. If no reply comes by the eleventh day, then you will still have eighteen or nineteen days before the option expires. Put it at twelve days. I propose, if you hear nothing by then, you go over."

"Right," said John; "we may take that as settled."

"By the way, you got an invitation, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Are you going?"

"I do not know. I should like to go, and yet, you know, I am entirely unused to fashionable assemblages. I should not know what to say or do while I was there."

"As I understand, it is not to be a fashionable party, but merely a little friendly gathering which Miss Longworth gives because her cousin is about to sail for Canada. I don't want to flatter you, John, but I imagine Miss Longworth would be rather disappointed if you did not put in appearance. Besides, as we are partners with Longworth in this, and as he is going away on account of the mine, I think it would be a little ungracious of us not to go."

"Very well; I will go. Shall I call for you, or will you come for me?"

"I will call for you, and we will go there together in a cab. Be ready about eight o'clock."

The mansion of the Longworths was brilliantly lighted that night, and John felt rather faint-hearted as he stood on the steps before going in. The chances are he would not have had the courage to announce himself if his friend Wentworth had not been with him. George, however, had no such qualms, and was much more used to this kind of thing than his comrade. So they went in together and were warmly greeted by the young hostess.

"It is so kind of you to come," she said, "on such short notice. I was afraid you might have had some prior engagement and would have found it impossible to get here."

"You must not think that of me," said Wentworth. "I was certain to come; but I must confess my friend Kenyon here was rather difficult to manage. He seems to frown on fash-

"Why do you not go to America?"

ionable assemblages, and actually had the coolness to propose that we should both have prior engagements."

Edith looked reproachfully at Kenyon, who flushed to the temples, as was usual with him, and said:

"Now, Wentworth, that is unfair. You must not mind what he says, Miss Longworth; he likes to bring confusion on me, and he knows how to do it. I certainly said nothing about a prior engagement."

"Well, now you are here, I hope you will enjoy yourselves. It is quite an informal little gathering, with nothing to abash even Mr. Kenyon."

They found young Longworth there in company with Melville, who was to be his companion on the voyage. He shook hands, but without exhibiting the pleasure at meeting them which his cousin had shown.

"My cousin," said the young man, "seems resolved to make the going of the prodigal nephew an occasion for killing the fatted calf. I'm sure I don't know why, unless that she is glad to be rid of me for a month."

Edith laughed at this and left the men together. Wentworth soon contrived to make himself very agreeable to the young ladies who were present but John, it must be admitted, felt awkward and out of place. He was not enjoying himself. He caught himself now and then following Edith Longworth with his eyes; and when he realized he was doing this he abruptly looked at the floor. In her handsome evening dress she appeared supremely lovely, and this John Kenyon admitted to himself with a sigh, for her very loveliness seemed to place her further and further away from him. Somebody played something on the piano, and this was, in a way, a respite for John. He felt that nobody was looking at him. Then a young man gave a recitation, which was very well received, and Kenyon began to forget his uneasiness. A German gentleman with long hair sat down at the piano with a good deal of importance in his demeanor. There was much arranging of music, and, finally, when the leaves were settled to his satisfaction, there was a tremendous crash of chords, the beginning of what was evidently going to be a troublesome time for the piano. In the midst of this hurricane of sound John Kenyon became aware that Edith Longworth had sat down beside him.

"I have got every one comfortably settled with every one else," she said in a whisper to him, "and you seem to be the only one who is, as it were, out in the cold, so you see I have done you the honor to come and talk to you."

"It is indeed an honor," said John, earnestly.

"Oh, really," said the young woman, laughing very softly, "you must not take things so seriously. I didn't mean quite what I said, you know—that was only as the children say, 'pretended,' but you take one's light remarks as if they were most weighty sentences. Now, you must look as if you were entertaining me charmingly, whereas I have sat down beside you to have a very few minutes' talk on business. I know it's very bad form to talk business at an evening party, but you see I have no other chance to speak to you. I understand you have had several meetings of shareholders, and yet you never sent me an invitation, although I told you that I wished to help you in forming a company, but that is the way you business men always treat a woman."

"Really, Miss Longworth," began Kenyon, but she speedily interrupted him.

"I am not going to let you make any explanation. I have come over here to enjoy scolding you, and I am not to be cheated out of my pleasure."

"I think," said John, "if you knew how much I have suffered during this last day or two, you would be very lenient with me. Did you read that article upon me in the Financial Field?"

"No; I did not, but I read your reply to it this morning, and I think it was excellent."

"Ah, that was hardly fair. A person should read both sides of the question before passing judgment."

"It is a woman's idea of fairness," said Edith, "to read what pertains to her friend, and to form her judgment without hearing the other side. But you must not think I am going to forego scolding you because of my sympathy for you. Don't you remember your promises to let me know how your company was getting on from time to time, and here I have never heard a word from you; now tell me how you have been getting on."

"I hardly know, but I think we are getting on very well, indeed. You know, of course, that your cousin is going to America to report upon the mine. As I have stated nothing but what is perfectly true about the property, there can be no question as to what that report will be, so it seems to me everything is going on nicely."

"Why do you not go to America?"

"Ah! well, I am an interested party, and those who are thinking of going with us have my report already. It is necessary to corroborate that. When it is corroborated I expect we shall have no trouble in forming a company."

"And was William chosen by those men to go to Canada?"

"He was not exactly chosen; he volunteered. Mr. Melville, here, was the one who was chosen."

"And why Mr. Melville, more than you, for instance?"

"Well, as I said, I am out of the question because I am an interested party. Melville is a man connected with china works, and, as such, in a measure, an expert."

"Is Mr. Melville a friend of yours?"

"No, he is not. I never saw him until he came to the meeting."

"Do you know," she said, lowering her voice and bending toward him, "that I do not like Mr. Melville's face?"

Kenyon glanced at Melville, who was at the other side of the room, and Edith went on: "You must not look at people when I mention them in that way, or they will know we are talking about them. I do not like his face. He is too handsome a man, and I don't like handsome men."

"Don't you, really?" said John. "Then you ought to—" Edith laughed softly, a low, musical laugh that was not heard above the piano din, and was intended for John alone, and to his ears it was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"I know what you were going to say," she said; "you were going to say that in that case I ought to like you. Well, I do; that is why I am taking such an interest in your mine, and in your friend, Mr. Wentworth. And so my cousin volunteered to go to Canada? Now, I think you ought to go yourself."

"Why?" said Kenyon, startled that she should have touched the point that had been discussed between Wentworth and himself.

"I can only give you a woman's reason, 'because I do.' It seems to me you ought to be there to know what they report at the time they do report. Perhaps they won't understand the mine without your explanation, and then, you see, an adverse report might come back in perfect good faith. I think you ought to go to America, Mr. Kenyon."

"That is just what George Wentworth says."

"Does he? I always thought he was a very sensible young man, and now I am sure of it. Well, I must not stay here gossiping with you on business. I see the professor is going to finish, and so I shall have to look after my other guests. If I don't see you again this evening, or have another opportunity of speaking with you, think over what I have said." And then, with the most charming hypocrisy, the young woman thanked the professor for the music to which she had not listened in the least.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourself?" said Wentworth, when they had got outside again. It was a clear, starlight night, and they had resolved to walk home together.

"I enjoyed myself very well, indeed," answered Kenyon; "much better than I expected. It was a little awkward at first, but I got over that."

"I noticed you did—with help."

"Yes, 'with help.'"

"If you are inclined to rave, John, now that we are under the stars, remember I am a close confidant and a sympathetic listener. I should like to hear you rave, just to learn how an exasperatingly sensible man acts under the mania."

"I shall not rave about anything, George, but I will tell you something. I am going to Canada."

"Ah! did she speak about that?"

"She did."

"And, of course, her advice at once decides the matter, after my most cogent arguments have failed."

"Don't be offended, George, but—it does."

CHAPTER XIX.

"What name, please?"

"Tell Mr. Wentworth a lady wishes to see him."

The boy departed rather dubiously, for he knew that his message was decidedly irregular in a business office. People should give their names.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said to Wentworth, and then, just as the boy had expected, his employer wanted to know the lady's name. Ladies are not frequent visitors at the offices of an accountant in the city, so Wentworth touched his collar and tie to make sure they were in their correct position, and, wondering who the lady was, asked the boy to show her in.

"How do you do, Mr. Wentworth?" she said, brightly, advancing toward his table and holding out her hand. Wentworth caught his breath, took her extended hand somewhat limply, then he pulled himself together and said:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Brewster."

Jennie blushed very prettily and laughed a laugh that Wentworth thought was like a little ripple of music from a mellow flute.

"It may be unexpected," she said, "but you don't look a bit like a man suffering from an overdose of pure joy. You didn't expect to see me, did you?"

"I did not, but, now that you are here, may I ask in what way I can serve you?"

"Well, in the first place you may ask me to take a chair, and in the second place you may sit down yourself, for I have come to have a long talk with you."

The prospect did not seem to be so alluring to Wentworth as one might have expected when the announcement was made by a girl so pretty and dressed in such exquisite taste, but the young man promptly offered her a chair, and then sat down with the table between them. She placed her parasol and a few trinkets she had been carrying on the table, arranging them with some care; then, having given him time to recover from his surprise, she flashed a look at him that sent a thrill to the finger tips of the young man. Yet a danger understood is a danger half overcome; and Wentworth, unconsciously drawing a deep breath, nerved himself against any recurrence of a feeling he had been trying to forget, with but indifferent success, saying grimly, but only half convincingly, to himself: "You are not going to fool me a second time, my girl, lovely as you are."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Will.

The words: "In the name of God, amen," have, through continuous use for centuries, become such a fixture at the beginning of testamentary papers that many people think a will is not binding unless it is supplied with the phrase. As a result, some amusing things are seen in the last written expressions of the desires of those who are looking forward to death. A will was submitted to the register a few days ago that had been penned by the testator himself, judging from the characters in the body of the paper and the signature. The man who was about to depart this life, as he said in the will, had evidently attempted to draw the document after the fashion of wills as he remembered them. He omitted the frequently used words at the beginning, but evidently remembered something of them at the close, and brought them in in the following fashion: "I give the balance of my estate to my son John, his heirs and assigns for God's sake, amen." — Washington Times.

How Napoleon Raised Money.

Napoleon had the lavish hand of a parvenu, and his beneficiaries were not grateful, and with ever increasing insolence were always craving more. The system of private confiscations or forced contributions from individuals had already attained vast dimensions. During the winter of 1809-10 it was extended and regulated; the sums wrung from German princes and Spanish grandees, from English merchants and the Italian clergy, was not entirely exhausted; the remainder, together with what was "accepted" from the timorous politicians, crafty ecclesiastics, sly contractors, and unprincipled financiers, was now erected into the dignity of the emperor's "extraordinary domain." The term "army chest" had been devised for times of higher public morality; it was now discarded. Confiscated palaces, forests, lands, fisheries, moneys from the sale of American ships—all were now the emperor's private property.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

He Took It.

Our lighthouses are periodically visited to see that everything is in proper order. On one occasion, while examining the mechanism of the great revolving lamp belonging to a lighthouse, one of the gentlemen, wishing to see how many seconds would elapse in completing a revolution, took a half-crown from his pocket and placed it on the revolving framework. Watch in hand he waited for the coin to come round to where he was, but no half-crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes—still no half-crown. In order to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, he walked round to the other side of the lamp, and there encountered one of the lighthouse men, who touched his hat and said: "Thank you, sir," in an undertone. The man, seeing the coin coming toward him, had pocketed it, thinking it was meant for a tip.—Tit-Bits.